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OR
POLITE REPOSITORY
OF
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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NO. 1.

THE
UNFORTUNATE ATTACHMENT.

IN a stage coach that was travelling a few years ago from North Wales to London, were six passengers; three of whom were from Ireland, the others, natives of Wales. Those from Hibernia, were an officer in the army, a woman that dealt in Irish linen, who had frequently travelled that road in order to purchase that commodity, and a strolling player, who was returning from an unsuccessful expedition to Dublin.—Those from Wales, were a fat, bouncing gentlewoman, with a beautiful young girl her relation, and a young gentleman of fortune. This little community, for society I dare not call it, according to the laudable custom of an English stage coach, remained totally silent for a considerable time after jumbling each other. Whether being so early roused from their slumbers made them more disposed to continue them than to talk, I know not, but no one seemed inclined to disturb the general tranquillity, till the morning light discovered to them the faces of each other more clearly, and disposed them to greater communication. The fat lady recognized in the person of the linen dealer, an old acquaintance and near neighbour. But the most striking object the light disclosed, was the wonderful contrast which the persons of

the player and Irish officer formed. The first was a large fat man with a face of a ruby colour, all glowing with carbuncles, as glaring and expansive as the sun in its meridian; for in whatsoever direction you turned your eyes, you never seemed wholly to lose sight of this distinguished object. In order, it should seem, to render it still more conspicuous, his head was so profusely powdered that his face looked like one of Elliot's red-hot bullets buried in snow. Indeed there appeared a prudent design in his thus ornamenting his head; it was certainly done with the view of diverting the attention of the observer, from too closely scrutinizing his lower garments, which were rather too threadbare for the apparel of a gentleman. The officer, who seemed to be about the age of fifty, was tall and thin; his visage of the same make, furnished with a correspondent length of nose, was strongly marked with the small pox, and expressed all the meagre gallantry of the famed knight of La Mancha. His dress was as peculiar as his person: his head was ornamented with a leathern cap, flapped down to his ears, in order to prevent his catching cold from the night air: his coat it was impossible to discern, it being covered with a long brown roquelaure.

The corpulent lady, and the linen dealer, who were now become very so-

ciable, entered into close conversation; in which they discussed the secret history of several noble families, whose seats they passed. Indeed, the profound knowledge the linen dealer seemed to have of all the private concerns of most of the nobility and people of fashion, would have appeared extraordinary, had not her keeping a lodging-house in London accounted for it; for by that means she had an opportunity of gathering her information from the domestics of the people of fashion, who lodged in her house in the winter season.

Now, it is well known, that the domestics of the great frequently disclose the most important concerns of their masters; perhaps without any evil intention, but merely through an idle love of being thought acquainted with the private affairs of their superiors. But this good lady, notwithstanding her deep erudition in private history, was not always accurate in her intelligence; the greatest historians, you know, will sometimes err in narrating a circumstance; which was the case in an anecdote she was about to relate. Riding through a village on this side of—, she suddenly observed, "That is the very spot where poor Mr. C—— shot himself."—"What, Madam, said the fat lady, "what is that? pray inform me;—I never heard of it, though very well acquainted with the family, owing to my being in the country, I suppose;—Well, I will never take another journey so far from London; I declare it is absolutely burying one's self:—but, pray tell me of this circumstance, I long to hear it."—"Why, you must know, Madam," returned the other, "the story is almost too shocking to relate; but however, as you have not heard, I will repeat it. Mr. C——, Madam, the son of Sir Thomas C——, had the misfortune to fall——" "Good heaven!" exclaimed the young gentleman. "Sir!" said the linen dealer, I beg pardon, Madam, for interrupting you, returned he, pray go on; I was thinking of a very unfortunate friend of mine.—"You were intimate with Mr. C——perhaps, Sir?"—"Yes, Madam,"

rejoined the young gentleman, "I was: we were schoolfellows; he was the earliest and dearest friend of my childhood; I therefore could not help being affected at the mention of his name, joined with his shocking catastrophe." "Then, Sir" returned the linen dealer, (who was really a well behaved woman), "It may not, perhaps, be agreeable to you to hear the repetition of his misfortunes." But the plump lady, whose curiosity was all alive to be acquainted with the story, prevented his reply, by intreating her to repeat it. "I dare say, added she, the gentleman will have no objection: if it is an affair that every body knows, there is no great matter in telling it; and I can't but say I should like to hear it." Shocked at her indelicacy and want of feeling, the young lady would have dissuaded her, which she was not much pleased with her for; but the young gentleman, who was too polite to deprive her of the gratification of her curiosity, requested the linen dealer to continue it. She complied, and began where she left off.—"Mr. C——had the misfortune to fall in love with a young lady, too nearly related to him to make it possible for him to marry her: in short, Madam, it was his own sister."—"O my stars!" exclaimed the other lady. "Well I declare I cannot pity him; I hate any thing so unnatural."—"Pardon me, Madam," said the gentleman, "for interrupting you again; but give me leave to assure me, you are misinformed in supposing it was his own sister: the object of Mr. C——'s tenderness was a lady not so very nearly related to him: nor do I believe he was capable of so improper an attachment, though possessed of passions too strong and violent."—"What!" cried the linen dealer, who was offended at the supposition, of her not being fully informed on the subject; "What! not his own sister?—why the whole town knows that was the cause of his premature death:—besides, Sir, I know I could not be mistaken, I had my information from such good authority, no less certain than from a relation of the family's own woman."

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I know not how that may be, Madam," replied the gentleman; "Servants, though very curious I know, may not acquire the most certain intelligence; but I am too well acquainted with the whole affair to be ignorant who was the object of Mr. C——'s unfortunate attachment; and I can assure you, it was not his sister." The other lady, alarmed lest she should not hear the story, and desirous of having the best information, intreated the gentleman to give it them himself, as he seemed most acquainted with the parties. The gentleman in the brown roquelaure, who had not yet joined in the conversation, united in her request, observing, he was somewhat interested in the relation, having formerly known Mr. C—— when his regiment was stationed in Dublin, before he sold out, upon his marriage; and therefore should be glad to be informed of the motive for his committing so rash an action.

The other complied, to the no small discomfiture of the linen-dealer, who was extremely chagrined that her intelligence should be doubted; and, mortified at the preference given to the young gentlemen's information, "Mr. C——," he began, "became enamoured, and married a most beautiful and charming young lady, of the name of H——, who returned his love with reciprocal warmth; with this lady he experienced the most blissful enjoyment, never interrupted till her death, which happened on giving birth to her second child, whose life, though preserved, could not recompense him, nor even console him for the loss of its mother.

Plunged in the most bitter affliction, his too lovely offspring seemed to afford him no consolation; unable to bear the house after her decease, he determined to pay a visit to his father-in-law, in order to relieve his mind, and in some measure dissipate his grief, by varying the scene: but in so doing he only added to his regret, by being unfortunately presented with an object which inspired all his tenderness by the resemblance it bore to his lamented Charlotte. Mrs. C——'s sister, whom he had never

seen, was just returned from a boarding-school, where she had been from her infancy to the age of sixteen, at which she was now arrived, which was the reason he had never beheld her before. Young, beautiful, artless, and susceptible, it was impossible to look on her without sensibility, or converse with her without passion. How, then, could he whose soul was softened by grief, view her with indifference? Impossible! her likeness to her sister, whose image never left his bosom, had been a magnet sufficiently attractive without the aid of those superior charms she possessed. In short, captivated by the soothing blandishment of a passion which approached in a form so persuasive and consolatory, he soon found himself unable to oppose its dangerous advances, and was overwhelmed with a resistless inclination 'ere he could consider of the impropriety of its object; and when awakened to the consequences, vanquished by this soul subduing passion, he but feebly endeavoured to restrain it: in fact, he vainly hoped his influence with the great would enable him to overcome the obstacles to his wishes; and thus flattering his imagination, and silencing his reason, he scrupled not attempting to attain his sister-in-law's affections, and was but too successful; young and inexperienced, she had never seen any thing so charming as her brother-in-law, whom, indeed, she viewed not in that light, having never been accustomed to see him as her sister's husband. Was it wonderful, then, that she, whose soul was softness, should behold this charming brother with tenderness, he whom all the world admired? Beside, it was easy for him to persuade her, who was wholly unacquainted with affairs of that kind, he could get a dispensation in his favour to allow him to marry her; in fact, he persuaded himself he should be able to obtain it; but he was soon awakened from this illusive dream, for, after having used all his influence and power, he found it impossible: his having had two children by her sister, made it too great an infringement of the laws to be suffered. Thus

driven to despair, he prevailed on her in an evil moment, to give up her duty, friends, and honour, to accompany him, to some sequestered situation, secluded from the rest of the world, where they might indulge their mutual passion, free from every interruption. That village we passed through was the spot they chose for their retirement. There they lived almost a twelvemonth so entirely hid from the knowledge of their friends, that her father, who made the strictest researches after them, could never discover the place of their retreat. Buried in that recess he had chosen, and wholly abandoned to the indulgence of his passion, he forgot his friends, his honour, his children, so entirely was he possessed with his love. But not so with her; delicate, as well as tender, though betrayed by her passion to consent to forego her honour and reputation, yet she could not refrain from mourning the loss of them; and though he alleviated her solicitude by all the tenderness imaginable, it could not hinder her from regretting the imprudence that occasioned it. Convinced of the fault she had committed, she was perpetually reproaching herself for it, till at length her continual and excessive sorrow brought on a consumption that proved mortal. It was then that he repented of his rashness; it was then that the arrows of contrition shot their stings into his heart, when he beheld her daily wasting away from before his eyes, she whom nature seemed to have adorned with her richest gifts, merely to be sacrificed to the ungovernable fury of his wild and impetuous passion. Touched by these reflections, he was unable, to support her presence, and spent all his time in traversing the country in search of the most eminent of the faculty, fondly hoping she might find relief from some of them; but it was not in the power of art to remedy a decay, which sprung from a source so entirely beyond its efforts. Torn with anguish and remorse at beholding the idol of his soul thus rapidly travelling towards the grave, he was on his knees a thousand times a day to implore her pardon and forgiveness

for tearing her from friends and from life; but her pardon, though he obtained it, afforded him no consolation, since it was impossible, with all the power of physic, to restrain the swift advances of her distemper, which in a short time deprived him of all hope, and rendered him the most miserable of men, by evincing the absolute impossibility of her recovery.

Can there be a more pitiable object than a man of feeling and honour (for such he was, though betrayed by his passions into actions which seemed to bespeak neither) in such a situation to be perpetually reproached with the sight of this fair flower so early fading ere its full maturity, and to know himself the cause? Disheartened with that reflection, he determined not to endure life after her death, and, having fixed his resolution, he waited with some degree of calmness till that period should arrive, before he put it in execution.

At length perceiving her dissolution approach, he enquired of the doctor how long she might be supposed to exist; and was informed that it could not be above a few hours. Finding it impossible to bear even the idea of beholding her last agonies, he thought it now time to bid her an eternal adieu; which he did, entreating her, in the most impassioned accents, to pardon his rashness and folly, and besought her pity and forgiveness, with all the tenderness of a despairing and repentant lover:—She, unacquainted with his design, and accustomed to his transports, did not comprehend the nature of them, till he was retiring; when, apprehensive of something from the more than usual wildness of his looks and manner, she was going to call him back, but her strength suddenly failed her, and she fell back in the bed, incapable of articulation: when the report of a pistol confirmed her fears, and suggested to her the fatal truth. Struck with horror, she raised herself in bed; though almost expiring, agony lent her strength to crawl out; and, in the distraction of her mind, she flung herself down stairs, no one being present to prevent her, and entering the

parlour where she supposed he was, beheld him extended on the floor, weltering in his blood! Words are needless to paint the tragic spectacle, to the feeling breast; language is unnecessary when images so woeful are presented. Already exhausted nature had done her utmost, and giving a faint scream of horror, she sunk down on his still warm body; and pressing her pallid cheek to his, instantly expired. Thus ended at once their lives, and misfortunes.

AUTUMN.

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TEXT—"And Isaac went out to meditate in the field, at the even-tide."—*Genesis* xxiv. 63.

There is an "*even-tide*" in the *day*—an hour when the sun retires, and the shadows fall, and when nature assumes the appearance of soberness and silence. It is an hour from which every where the thoughtless fly, as coupled only, in their imagination, with images of gloom: it is the hour, on the other hand, which, in every age, the wise have loved, as bringing with it sentiments and affections more valuable than all the splendours of the day.

Its first impression is to still all the turbulence of thought or of passion which the day may have brought forth. We follow with our eye the descending sun; we listen to the decaying sounds of labour and of toil—and, when all the fields are silent around us, we feel a kindred stillness to breathe upon our souls, and to calm them from the agitations of society. From this first impression, there is a second, which naturally follows it: In the *day* we are living with men—in the "*even-tide*" we begin to live with nature; we see the world withdrawn from us—the shades of night darken over the habitations of men, and we feel ourselves alone. It is an hour, fitted, as it would seem, by Him who made us, to still, but with gentle hand, the throb of every unruly passion, and the ardour of every im-

pure desire; and while it veils for a time the world that misleads us, to awaken in our hearts those legitimate affections which the heat of the day may have dissolved. There is yet a farther scene it presents to us—while the world withdraws from us, and while the shades of the evening darken upon our dwellings, the splendours of the firmament come forward to our view. In the moments when earth is overshadowed, heaven opens to our eyes the radiance of a sublimer being; our hearts follow the successive splendours of the scene; and while we forget, for a time, the obscurity of earthly concerns, we feel that there are "*yet greater things than these.*"

There is, in the second place, an "*even-tide*" in the *year*—a season when the sun withdraws his propitious light; when the winds arise, and the leaves fall, and nature around us seems to sink into decay. It is said, in general, to be the season of melancholy; and if by this word be meant that it is the time of solemn and serious thought, it is undoubtedly the season of melancholy: yet it is a melancholy so soothing, so gentle in its approach, and so prophetic in its influence, that they who have known it, feel, as instinctly, that it is the doing of God, and that the heart of man is not thus finely touched, but to fine issues.

When we go out into the fields in the evening of the year, a different voice approaches us. We regard, even in spite of ourselves, the still but steady advances of time. A few days ago, and the summer of the year was grateful, and every element was filled with life, and the sun of heaven seemed to glory in his ascendant. He is now enfeebled in his power; the desert no more "*blossoms like the rose*;" the song of joy is no more heard among the branches; and the earth is strewed with that foliage which once bespoke the magnificence of summer. Whatever may be the passions which society has awakened, we pause amid this apparent desolation of nature. We sit down in the lodge "*of the way-faring man in the wilderness,*"

and we feel that all we witness is the emblem of our own fate. Such also, in a few years, will be our own condition. The blossoms of our spring, the pride of our summer, will also fade into decay; and the pulse that now beats high with virtuous or with vicious desire, will gradually sink, and then must stop forever. We rise from our meditations with hearts softened and subdued, and we return into life as a shadowy scene where we have "*disquieted ourselves in rain.*"

Yet a few years, we think, and all that now bless, or all that now convulse humanity, will also have perished. The mightiest pageantry of life will pass—the loudest notes of triumph or of conquest will be silent in the grave;—the wicked, wherever active, "will cease from troubling," and the weary, wherever suffering, "will be at rest." Under an impression so profound, we feel our hearts better. The cares the animosities, the hatreds, which society may have engendered, sink, unperceived, from our bosoms. In the general desolation of nature, we feel the littleness of our passions; we look forward to that kindred evening which time must bring to all; we anticipate the graves of those we hate and of those we love. Every unkind passion falls with the leaves that fall around us; and we return slowly to our homes, and to the society which surrounds us, with the wish only to enlighten or to bless them.

There is an *even-tide* in human life; a season when the eye becomes dim, and the strength decays, and when the winter of age begins to shed, upon the human head, its prophetic snow. It is the season of life to which the present is most analagous; and much it becomes, and much it would profit you, my elder brethren, to mark the instructions which the seasons bring. The spring and the summer of your days are gone, and with them not only the joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being; and, whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the warm intemperance of

your summer, there is yet a season of stillness and solitude which the beneficence of Heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past and the future, and prepare yourselves for the mighty change which you are soon to undergo.

In the long retrospect of your journey, you have seen every day the shades of the evening fall, and every year the clouds of winter gather. But you have seen also, every succeeding day, the morning arise in its brightness, and in every succeeding year spring return to renovate the winter of nature. It is now you may understand the magnificent language of Heaven. It mingles its voice with that of revelation—it summons you in these hours, when the leaves fall and the winter is gathering, to that evening study which the mercy of Heaven has provided in the book of salvation: and while the shadowy valley opens, which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that hand which can comfort and can save, and which can conduct to those "green pastures and those still waters," where there is an eternal spring for the children of God.

ON EDUCATION.

Extracted from a late speech of Counsellor PHILLIPS.

"Of all the blessings which it has pleased Providence to allow us to cultivate, there is not one which breathes a purer fragrance, or bears an heavenlier aspect than education. It is a companion which no misfortune can depress—no clime destroy—no enemy alienate—no despotism enslave—at home a friend—abroad an introduction—in solitude a solace—in society an ornament—it chastens vice—it guides virtue—it gives at once a grace and government to genius: Without it, what is man? A splendid slave! a reasoning savage! vacillating between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God, and the degradation of passions participated with brutes, and in the accident of their alternate ascendancy, shuddering at the terror of an hereafter, or

hugging the horrid hope of annihilation. What is this wondrous world of his residence?

"A mighty maze, and all without a plan,"

A dark, and desolate and dreary cavern, without wealth or ornament or order—But light up within it the torch of knowledge, and how wondrous the transition! The seasons change—the atmosphere breathes—the landscape lives—earth unfolds its fruits—ocean rolls in its magnificence—the heavens display their constellated canopy, and the grand animated spectacle of nature is revealed before him, its varieties regulated, and its mysteries resolved! The phenomena which bewilder—the prejudices which debase—the superstitions which enslave, vanish before education. Like the holy symbol which blazed upon the cloud before the hesitating Constantine, if man follow but its precepts purely, it will not only lead him to the victories of this world, but open the very portals of omnipotence for his admission. Cast your eye over the monumental map of ancient grandeur, once studded with the stars of empire and the splendors of philosophy. What erected the little state of Athens into a powerful commonwealth, placing in her hand the sceptre of legislation, and wreathing round her brow the imperishable chaplet of literary fame? What extended Rome, the taunt of a banditti, into universal empire? What animated Sparta with that high, unbending, adamant courage which conquered nature herself, and has fixed her in the sight of future ages, a model of public virtue, and a proverb of national independence? What but those wise public institutions which strengthen their minds with early application, informed their infancy with the principles of action, and sent them into the world, too vigilant to be deceived by its calms, and too vigorous to be shaken by its whirlwinds. But surely, if there be a people in the world, to whom the blessings of education are peculiarly applicable, it is the Irish people. I think, I know my countrymen—lively, ardent,

intelligent, and sensitive, nearly all their acts spring from impulse, and no matter how that impulse be given, it is immediately adopted, and the adoption, and the execution are identified. It is this principle, if principle it can be called, which renders Ireland the poorest and the proudest country in the world—now chaining her in the very abyss of crime—now lifting her to the very pinnacle of glory—which in the poor, prescribed, peasant Catholic, crowds the gaol and feeds the gibbet—which in the more fortunate, because more educated Protestant, leads victory a captive at her car, and *holds echo mute at her eloquence*; making a national monopoly of fame, and, as it were, attempting to naturalize the achievements of the Universe.

THE PRECARIOUS NATURE OF COURAGE,
ILLUSTRATED IN THE HISTORY OF A
FRENCH OFFICER.

COURAGE, it has been observed, is only acquaintance with danger. This assertion is false. According to Dr. Gall, courage is an innate quality, and he who wants a couple of small elevations on the hinder part of the skull, is, and must ever remain a coward. Gall exhibits the skull of General Wurmser, in which these elevations are very perceptible. This interesting discovery would be of infinite advantage to society, if it assured us that a man does not merely possess this or the other distinguished quality, but that he will not fail to exercise it whenever an opportunity presents itself. This however is not the case. The most perfect human organ is subject to a thousand fortuitous influences. A man may be brave in the morning and a coward in the afternoon. On the contrary, a few glasses of wine, or a few grains of opium, often elevate the coward to a hero.

Some days after the battle of Malplaquet, the widow of a gentleman, residing on her estate in the country, was informed one night at supper that a stranger in the hall desired to speak with her. She went, and found an old Officer, with the cross of St. Louis, who stood pale and trembling before her, and in

whom she at length recognized a beloved relation, whom she had not seen for many years, a man who had by his valour raised himself from the lowest station in one of the first French regiments to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, and the honour of knight-hood. Exhausted, and scarcely able to speak, he begged, as well as he could, an asylum for that night. Astonishment, sympathy, and curiosity alternately took possession of her soul. She would have introduced him into the family circle, but he begged to be excused. She offered him refreshments, which he refused, and requested merely an apartment where he might be undisturbed. "To-morrow," said he, "you shall know all; to day I am incapable of gratifying your curiosity."

The lady complied with his request. Next morning when she enquired after him, she was informed that he had walked to and fro in his chamber the whole night; that about two o'clock he wrote a letter, and an hour afterwards called up one of the servants, whom he prevailed upon by a present to carry the letter to the post office, about three miles distant. She had no time to consider what could be the meaning of all this, for her guest just at the moment entered the room.

"Madam," said he, "I owe you a confidence. A voluntary renunciation of all claim to your esteem is my first punishment. Know then, that previous to the late engagement, I was ordered to defend an advantageous post with one hundred grenadiers, if it were but for an hour, as the issue of the battle might depend on the maintaining of this post. The General entrusted this honourable commission to me,—to me, an old soldier covered with wounds, who had never yet failed in my duty. Scarcely did the enemy appear when I fled—wretch that I am! I fled, impelled Heaven knows by what fury. It was not till three hours afterwards that I recovered my recollection: my honour was lost for ever. I hastened to you, intending to implore you to give me an asylum, till I could escape in safety to Eng-

land, and there conceal my disgrace under an assumed name. But, God be thanked! I have not yet sunk so low. The silence of night has restored me to my intellects: my honour is gone, but not my sense of honour, which prescribed what I ought to do, and without loss of time I obeyed its dictates. A letter is already on its way to the General. It contains a confession of my cowardice, and a request that he would appoint the time and place for me to appear before a court martial, and to receive the punishment which I have deserved. Cheerfully would I purchase with my life the lost esteem of my General and the pity of my brave comrades."

The lady listened to this account with deep emotion. In vain did she endeavour to comfort her guest, or at least to inspire him with the hope of pardon. "No," cried he wildly, "never can I forgive myself! The General's clemency would only render me still more miserable."

A week passed in which the brave soldier, dishonoured in his own eyes, never quitted his apartment. At length arrived the answer of Marshal Villars, written at Quesnoy, the 26th of September, 1709. It was as follows.—

"It is a melancholy thing for human nature, that a man of unimpeached courage for more than forty years, should suddenly forget what he owed to the most sacred of duties and to himself; but it is not less noble in the same man, that when the confusion of mind by which he was hurried away subsided, he should voluntarily offer his life to atone for his crime and the bad example which he has given. Such are my sentiments, poor unfortunate P—; such too are the sentiments of every brave man in the army; and though the laws of war forbid your acquittal, or even the concealment of your fault, yet we all pity you much too sincerely to accept the heroic offer which the bitterest repentance has impelled you to make. Receive then, my poor P—, my warmest wishes, joined to those of your old friends, that time may console you for

your misfortune, which we feel almost as severely as yourself."

Did the unhappy man derive comfort from this philanthropic letter?—Ah! no. As justice would not punish him, he resolved to punish himself, and in truth more severely than if he had been condemned by a court-martial to kneel with his eyes bound before his own grenadiers. He returned the cross of St. Louis, went to Calais, where a strong garrison was constantly kept, appeared daily in the uniform of his regiment, but without his sword, and thus doomed himself to the ignominy of serving as a living warning and example to his profession. Bowed down by the weight of years and shame, he was long seen performing this penance, so painful to the feelings of a man of honour.

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

May 10, 1816.

IT would occupy too much space to present even an outline of the extensive information communicated from Missionaries in various parts of the globe: that from Africa was especially distinguished. Mr. Read reports from Bethelsdorf, that about 1200 people now belong to this settlement. Since its commencement, 442 adults have been baptized, 300 of whom have been added to the church during the last year. The Hottentots belonging to this settlement have paid taxes to Government, to the amount of nearly £800 in one year.—They have contributed to the funds of this Society £120; they are now building, at their own expence, a school-room and a printing office, under the same roof; they make collections for the poor every Lord's Day and send out into the surrounding country a number of itinerants, by whom the knowledge of the gospel is happily diffused.

The grateful feelings of these converted heathen brought by the gospel into a new world, may be conceived of by the following speech, the honest effusion of a poor Hottentot, at one of their public meetings:—

"We are all Hottentots. We never had a house. We never were considered as human beings. We never were allowed to look into a farmer's house; but to day we are here, sitting together in a large white house (the place of worship.) We never had a waggon, and now there are more than twenty waggons at Bethelsdorf belonging to us Hottentots! Look at the women! they never had any decent clothes; now you see them sitting among us in white and various colours. We never had the honour of knowing any thing of God or his word; but now we can read and write; —and the greatest thing which God has favoured us with, is, his sending to us, poor Hottentots his servants, who daily explain to us his holy word."

Then, with many tears, he cried out, "Is not this altogether the grace of God! love of God! mercy of God! men, brethren, Hottentots! praise the Lord GOD ALMIGHTY!"

SINGULAR SUICIDE.

One of the most singular suicides we have ever heard of occurred lately at a boarding school near Birmingham. A young lady, it appears, had been set a task, and felt indignant at being obliged to learn it out of an old book, while some of the other scholars were indulged with new ones. She went next day to an old-woman in the neighbourhood, and told her, 'that she had a singular dream, viz. that she was dead, and had been carried to her grave by such and such young ladies, naming some of her companions and young friends,' and asked the old woman what she thought of it? who replied, 'that she put no faith in dreams'—A few days after, when going a walk with the other scholars, who loitered behind, and making her escape from the party, drowned herself in a pool near the school. She left her hat (or bonnet) on the edge of the pool, wherein was pinned a letter for her parents, entreating their forgiveness for such a rash act: she therein requested to have for bearers the very young ladies who she had said she dreamed had carried her to her grave, and enclosed

some locks of her hair as mementos of her friendship. She was only about eleven years of age, and the daughter of very respectable parents in the neighborhood, who are inconsolable for the loss of their child.

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

Much has been said to depreciate the female character. Poets, historians, and Philosophers have labored, in all ages, to render women contemptible from imbecility, ridiculous from vanity, and often hateful from malignity. They have dwelt upon the characters of Xanthippe, Messelina, Julia, Aspatia, &c. till this sex has become almost proverbial for weakness and vice. But this, we fear, is in a great degree the result of ignorance, disappointment or irritation. Among this sex we are happy to recognize models of every excellence—beings who are not only calculated to excite the warmest affection, but who have also the power to bestow unadulterated happiness. In periods of the greatest distress and danger, when our sunshine friends abandon us to misery and despair, women cling to us with unyielding constancy and unshaken attachment. In all the vicissitudes of life, and in all the changes of fortune, she is still the same kind, tender, and affectionate friend, whose attachment, oppression cannot wither, nor misfortune destroy. No one can say that sex is contemptible in genius or learning, that has produced a De Stael, a Dacier, a Sapho, and a Montague—in morals, a Lucretia, a Portia, and an Octavia—and innumerable examples in all the nobler and more exalted sentiments of the heart. A late instance which occurred in France should teach us to revere a sex that possesses such devoted and disinterested attachment as distinguish Madame Lavellette. But we have not to wander from the shores of our own country to search for examples of heroic attachment in all the relations of life. We do not hesitate to say that few instances have occurred of greater warmth of maternal love than has recently been exhibited by Mrs. Prather. Robbed of a son, a

boy of about twelve years of age, by a negro slave, who bore him from South Carolina to New-York, and there abandoned him to perish with famine, Mrs. P. from some slight intimation of a discovery, two years after his departure, left her home, with a sucking child in her arms, and on horse-back, and alone, proceeded from town to town, still led on by fresh hope, till she found her long lost son at the house of a Mr. Blackman, in New-Jersey, to which she had been directed by a gentleman in Baltimore. Thus equipped she travelled upwards of 1,000 miles on horse-back, 500 miles in stages and steam boats, though she had never before been from home—at first sustained by the delicious expectation of regaining her darling son, and afterwards supported by the exquisite joy of having found him. It is a memorable instance of the energy of maternal love, and should be preserved in the pages of American history.

National Register.

VARIETY.

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.

A celebrated fox-hound, the property of R. Cowen, huntsman to the Carlisle harriers, has reared three cub foxes, taken when three day old. They were brought up in the kennel of Henry Oliphant, esq. of Broad-field-house: and, surprising to relate, accompany the hounds in the chase, and are as fierce against their own species as their more canine associates.—*Lon. pap.*

SLAVERY IN ENGLAND.

A statute was made in the year 1547, enacting that a runaway servant, or any who lived idle three days, be brought before two justices of the peace, and marked V. (vagabond) with a hot iron on the breast, and adjudged the slave of him who brought him for two years; he was to take the said slave, and give him bread, water, or small drink, and refuse meat, and cause him to work by beating, chaining, or otherwise; and if

within that space he absented himself fourteen days, he was to be marked on the forehead or cheek with an S, and be his master's slave for ever: it was also lawful to put a ring of iron round his neck, arm, or leg; and the second desertion was felony.

Tacitus informs us, that while Tiberius was exiled at Rhodes, in the reign of Augustus, he used to take a pleasure in consulting with fortune-tellers upon the summit of a very high rock close to the sea; and if from their answer he conceived any surmise of their ignorance or imposture, he gave immediate order to one of his slaves, to hurl them downwards, as a just punishment.

On a certain day, when Tiberius was interrogating on this summit, about futurity, one Thrasyllus, a man famous in his profession, he took care to promise to the prince Rome's imperial sceptre, with every kind of prosperity. In return for so obliging a prediction, the other made this farther question—"Since you are so knowing, friend, in what regards me, can you tell how long you are to live in this world?" Thrasyllus, alarmed with reason, and much perplexed by such a question, whose tendency he very well understood, set about examining, or seemed to examine, (and without change of countenance) the aspect and position of the stars at his birth; but soon after let the prince see a dawn of surprise, followed by a spreading terror on his countenance, and said, that, to the best of his judgment, he was menaced that very moment, with some imminent danger. Tiberius, charmed with his answer, embraced him, bid him dismiss all fear, looked upon him afterwards as an oracle, and enrolled him among the number of his friends.

So eager were people to read the Bible, A. D. 1566, then newly translated into English, that John Dele, a bookseller in Dublin, sold seven thousand copies in two years after they were brought over from England.

ANECDOTES.

A rogue attempted to pass a depreciated bill and having it questioned, answered in the old phrase—"it is as good as the bank!"

We heard a very good anecdote the other day of Doctor Bibb for the truth of which we do not vouch. Business rendered it necessary for him to dine several days at a public house with several other gentlemen. On calling for his bill, he found a certain sum charged each day for wine. The doctor, who drinks no wine, made objections to the charge.

"The wine," said the landlord, "was on the sideboard; you might have helped yourself." Sometime after, the landlord called upon the Doctor to look at a whitlow on the finger of one of his children. On adjusting their mutual accounts, the landlord found a charge for medicine exactly equal to his charge for wine. "How is this, Doctor, I have had no medicine?" "It was on the shelf," said the Doctor, "you might have helped yourself.—Virginia Pat.

A young Lady in one of the Southern cities, who was rather remarkable for her beauty than her understanding—was conversing with a gentleman of some wit, in a large company.—She was dressed in elegant simplicity, with a veil over her head—which gave a sweet though infantile expression to her countenance. The gentleman made a punning quotation of the well known beginning of a song as applicable to her—which the Lady at once took as a compliment, but in which the bye standers thought they saw a sarcasm. Let it be given in each sense.

Sweet is the veil where innocence resides—

This was the compliment; but take another reading,

Sweet is the veil wherein—no sense—resides.

Envy is like a sore eye that cannot bear a bright object.

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

THE REPENTANT.

WHEN the tears of repentance beam forth
from the eye,
And the heart *truly feels* a soft sensitive
glow;
How calm is life's ocean when the waves
passing by
Seem to wash from the soul every new-
bursting wo.

When we know every sin by our Father's
forgiv'n,
And the doubts that before hung so dark
on our mind,
Are all melted away by the justice and even
The goodness of God who so truly proves
kind—

How serene feels the soul and with confi-
dence looks,
To its Father, who whispers, thy sins are
no more—
And how beats every impulse which fear
has forsook,
Since the terrors of suff'ring have since gli-
ded o'er.

Tho' sickness may come and e'en death
may appear,
Yet still with a firmness undaunted we
prove;
For with God as *our Father*, what have we
to fear,
When we trust in a bosom which *only knows*
love.

ROLLA.

From the Delaware Watchman.

THE DEVIL FISHING.

"All the world's a"——fish pond!
Shakespeare corrected.

WHAT luck, old *Glovesfoot*, to day?
Said I, one foggy morning,
As he threw out his line for prey,
Poor mortal folk suborning.

"Not much," quoth he, "but what I have,
Beyond dispute, is fair gain;
With *notes to shave*, I've caught a knave,
A miser with a *bargain*.

To catch a needy *beau*, I took
A draggie tail'd *surtout*—*
A would be *belle* found on my hook
A tempting full dress suit.

I caught a Congress man, by dint
Of *double compensation*;
A lawyer, on promotion bent,
By timely *nomination*.

These lawyers are, though oft you wish
(No thanks for't) Satan liad 'em,
The most unprofitable fish
Of all the sons of Adam.

I caught a surgeon with a high-
fed subject for dissection;
An office hunter with a lie,
Well season'd for election."

"What fish bite sharpest, Pug?" says I—
"Why as to that," quoth he,
"I find not many very shy,
"Of high or low degree."

"Your toper bites well at a cork,
(When there's a bottle to it)
Your Jew will even bite at pork,
If he smell money through it.

Your old man likes a parchment, when
By mortgage some one's bitten;
Your youngster likes a *fresher* skin,
Where yet there's nothing written!

Some shy ones play about the line,
Till prudence waxes feeble,
And those at last are often mine,
Who only meant to *nibble*!

There's few indeed, of small or great,
(Or I am much mistaken)
Put may, by some peculiar bait,
Be tempted, and then taken.

But there is one of all the rest,
Who most employs my cook—
The IDLER pleases me the best,
He bites the *NAKED HOOK*!"

* Nothing can afford a stronger instance
of the tyranny of Fashion, than an extra
yard of broadcloth dangling at the heels
now a days—That can never be becoming in
the wearer, the very sight of which is un-
comfortable to the beholder.

THE COTTAGER'S MORNING

WHEN the dew-drop reflects the first beam
of the sun,

With spangles the blossoms adorning,
When the song-thrush his notes in the woods
has begun,

How happy the Cottager's Morning!

To diffuse o'er his cheeks the rich tints of
the rose;

Health and youth still combining together,
He merrily sings, as to labour he goes,
And his heart is as light as a feather!

Each scene and each object, that beams on
his sight,

But adds to his innocent pleasure,
He looks on the cot where he dwells with
delight,
It encircles his soul's dearest treasure.

He marks the blue smoke which now curls
towards Heaven,

Where day's early colours are dawning,
He blesses that God who such comforts has
giv'n

To sweeten the Cottager's Morning!



For the New-York Weekly Museum.

LETITIA:

OR, THE FORTUNATE SPINNING GIRL.

Young girls will have notions, we see every
day,

And notions why should they have not?
The world is but notions, Philosophers say,
And whims are humanity's lot.

A girl had a notion to love a young man,
And, who was the youngster? (say you)
He was a young blacksmith, for tell it I can,
But his name shall be kept out of view.

Yet the heart of the Blacksmith, as hard as
a rock,

Refus'd to return her regard—
His door of affection he would not unlock,
Which the nymph took abundantly hard.

She vow'd that she lov'd him, and said with
a squeal,

How blest might we travel thro' life,
Yourself at your anvil and I at my wheel,
The fondest and faithfullest wife!

But still he refused to comply with her wish,
And told her he did not admire—

Go, look somewhere else, he said, Madam
Fish,

Some lover to warm with your fire.

She griev'd and she groan'd, and had like
to have died;

Some thought she would quickly depart:
But still she had left, in her bosom, some
pride,

And slighted Letitia took heart.

With the earnings—not much—at her
wheel she had made,

With dollars that long had laid by,
She bought her a ticket and angrily said,
My fortune, I vow, I will try!—

And Fortune, for once, was propitious and
kind—

This spinster so humble and poor,
Drew a prize—and a prize that was much
to her mind—

Some thousands, at least, we are sure.

The prize it was such as a king would be
proud

To receive—or a Princess implore—
It enabled *Letitia* (et ceteras allowed)
To ride in a chariot and four!

The Blacksmith aghast!—heard the news,
with a groan,

But went cap-in-hand to her door:
He met her, and said, I have come to atone,
For the love that I slighted before.

I lov'd you too well!—I was only in jest
When I told you *I could not admire*;
I only was waiting to be the more blest
When the days of my service expire.—

She answered—your usage I now will repay;
When I lov'd you, why did you love not?
Your hand should have join'd to my hand
on that day,

Should have struck when the iron was hot!
P.

ON A BARBER'S SIGN BOARD IN ENGLAND.

Come from what place you will, you of me
must have heard;

I draw out the teeth, and cut off the beard;
Besides this, I teach school, and if wanted
I bleeds;

And by all this a wife and six children I
feeds.

NEW-YORK,
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1816.

Intelligence.

From late Foreign Papers.

Ten members of the Spanish Cortes, confined at Cueta, have been removed from their prisons and transferred on board a xebec, which is to transport them to an uninhabited island in the neighbourhood of Majorca.

About 5,000 men belonging to different Swedish regiments are now employed upon the Gotha canal, which is to form a communication between the Baltic and the North Sea.

On the Promenade of Moscow, on Palm Sunday last, above 800 equipages were counted. An immense number of houses have been erected since the city was set fire to by the French, and it will soon appear in its former state of grandeur.

Two women, in the vicinity of Bayonne, had the barbarity to bury alive a new-born child, of which one of them was the mother. A young child that they had with them, has, it is said, discovered their crime.

A thousand trees were torn up by the roots, four bridges destroyed and washed away, and the surrounding roads obliterated—such are the consequences of a water-spout which fell on the 16th August near Langholm, in Dumfriesshire.

A man has lately been hung in Ireland for stealing a wife!—The girl eloped from her father's house with the culprit, married him, and refused to appear at court as evidence against the man of her choice.—Her father prosecuted.—He was condemned under the 'Whiteboy Act,' having fired a gun near the house to alarm the family and favour his designs.

A destructive fire broke out in Halifax, (N. S.) about 2 weeks ago, which consumed 14 houses and stores, in Second and Water-streets. Damage estimated at 30,000 pounds sterling.

Accounts from Naples announce a new eruption of Vesuvius, on the 7th September. Two dreadful and distinct torrents of lava issued from the crater, and poured down the sides of the mountain, one in direction of Maura, the other of Camaldules, and both on the beds of old lava.

The official account of the destruction of the fleet and batteries at Algiers, by the English fleet, and Dutch squadron, under Lord Exmouth has been published since our last. This victory over these Barbarians must be beneficial to all the christian powers, as christian slavery is to be forever abolished in Algiers: the treaty also provides for the immediate liberation of all slaves in the Dey's dominions, to whatever nation they may belong—and the 230,000 dollars which the Dey received this summer from Naples and Sardinia, as ransom money, he has had to refund, which Lord Exmouth has returned to those powers.—It appears also, that the Dey had to make a public apology in presence of his ministers and officers, and beg pardon of the British Consul, whom he had ill treated, in such a manner as was dictated to him. Besides the destruction of all their fleet, batteries, and damage to the town, their loss in killed and wounded is estimated at between 6 and 7000 men—The blind infatuation of these people being such, that many hundreds of them, it is said, were slain while looking on in the way of the cannonade. Lord Exmouth's return makes his loss on board his fleet and the Dutch squadron to be 128 killed, and 690 wounded.

Letters from New-Orleans, state that a destructive fire broke out there on the 28th of September, which destroyed property estimated at from 2 to 500,000 dollars value, chiefly belonging to the French population. One letter says, "the new Theatre is the largest building destroyed."

A new property discovered in Onions.

It is said the magnetic power of a compass needle will be entirely destroyed or changed by being touched with the juice of an Onion.

The Presbyters, Deacons, and Lay Deputies in convention, of the Diocese of Connecticut, have invited the Right Reverend John Henry Hobart, Bishop of the Diocese of New-York, to visit and perform the Episcopal offices in the Diocese of Connecticut, according to the 20th canon of the church, and the Bishop has accepted the invitation.---*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

Dreadful mortality.—A French frigate a few weeks ago landed at Bassaterre, in the island of Guadaloupe, about 300 troops from France, 130 of whom were marched for Point Petre. But four days from the time of landing, it is stated, only 17 of the latter were in existence, the remaining 113 having died of the prevailing fever!

Two hundred bales of British goods are said to have been shipped from this port for Liverpool about ten days ago. We account this a favorable incident.---*Columbian.*

Christopher Smith and B. Lake, two adjoining farmers on Staten Island, about five miles from Van Duzer's Ferry, have for years, been neighbors. On Sunday morning last, Smith discovered Lake stealing his black walnuts, and immediately went out with his gun—it is said a scuffle ensued, and Lake was shot dead upon the spot. Soon after, Smith told one of his neighbors what he had done, and in the course of the day he was taken, and put in jail at Richmond.—*Gaz.*

Valuable Salt Springs.

An inexhaustible quantity of salt water is found to issue from 25 or 30 veins, about 300 feet below the surface, through bored rock in Poor Valley, in East Tennessee.

Singular circumstance.

On Saturday morning last, at the foot of Vesey-street, was discovered an enormous rattle snake, upwards of four feet in length and of a proportionable size, which was killed by a gentleman setting his heel upon his head. It is supposed he was brought to the city in a wood sloop.

A few years ago, a Ground Hog or Wood Chuck, was discovered in a back

house in John-street, which, no doubt was brought to this city in a hollow log. The unexpected and singular appearance of this creature at night, with its glaring eyes, gave at first considerable alarm, but afterwards some amusement with a poker hunt round the yard.

CORONER'S REPORTS.

On the 26th ult. the Coroner was called to view the body of John Turner, aged about 30 years, who was drowned about the 20th ult. by means unknown. He was a hatter, and kept a store in Broadway. He was also called to view the body of a female, aged about 25 years, decently dressed, name unknown, who was found drowned on the east side of Coenties slip. She is supposed to have fallen into the river the preceding evening, owing to a defect in the wharf.

NUPTIAL.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Parkinson Mr. James Rockwell to Miss Sarah Ann Davidson both of this city.

By the same, Mr. Jacob Defendorff, merchant, to Miss Jane M'Comb all of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Kuypers, Mr. William Jones, Comedian, to Miss Julia Ann Seaman, both of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Milledoler, Mr. John Wootton, to Miss Rosina Archibald.

By the rev. Robert B. McLeod, Mr. Thomas Taylor, to Miss Maria Gifford, daughter of Mr. Alexander Gifford, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Scofield, capt. John Palmerton, to the amiable Miss Gertrude Beauty, both of this city.

OBITUARY.

The City Inspector reports the death of 55 persons during the Week ending October the 26th ult.

DIED.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wragg, aged 55 years.

Mr. Thomas White, aged 31.

Mr. John Whitechurch,

Mr. Joseph Corbitt.

Mr. James Brown, aged 28.

Mr. William H. Boors, aged 33.

EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE OF ROBBERY.

From a late London paper.

Charles Kingsman and John Stephens were brought up from the watch-house, where they had both been confined, on charges laid one against the other, each charging the other with assaulting with intent to rob him, that morning.

Kingsman stated, that he lodged at 105, Lucas-street, Gray's Inn-lane; that he had occasion to cross the fields that morning at 2 o'clock, where he met Stephens, to whom he wished a good morning, but that instead of answering, he laid hold of him by the shoulder, which, owing to the lonely situation of the place, and no person passing, greatly alarmed him, as he supposed his design was to rob him of his watch or money: on which he laid hold of Stephens by the collar and called to the watchman, who came up, and he gave charge of him.

Stephens, who was very deaf, stated, that he was a plasterer, and was at work until 1 o'clock that morning, in a linen draper's shop, in Oxford-street, which business could not be done till after the business of the day was over and the shop shut; that his master, in whose employ he had worked 14 years, was then present, and about two o'clock that morning, on his way home across the fields, he met the prisoner, who said something to him that he did not understand, and he leaned his head forward to hear what he had to say, when Kingsman laid hold of him by the collar, and witness became alarmed, supposing he intended to rob him of his watch, and in his own defence he laid hold of him and called out for the watchman, who came with assistance, and they were both taken to the watch-house, where they gave charge for charge.

Several persons attended, and gave each a good character; but it appearing that the whole originated in mistake, from the apprehension they were in of each other, the examination was the source of much mirth in the Office, and both the charges were dismissed.

THE DOMESTIC GUIDE.

SAVOURY POTATOE DUMPLINGS.

Take any quantity of potatoes, half boiled; skin them, and grate them to a coarse powder; mix them up with a small quantity of flour, 1-16th, for instance, of the weight of the potatoes.--- Add a seasoning of sweet herbs, pepper, and salt, with a small quantity of hung-beef, grated, or pounded red-herring. Mix the whole with boiling water, and form it into dumplings of the size of a large apple: roll them in flour, and put them into boiling water; let them boil moderately till they rise to the surface of the water and swim, when they will be found sufficiently done. Those who chuse can use melted butter to them; but they require no sauce.

TO MAKE ITALIAN MACARONI.

Take any number of fresh laid eggs, and break them into a bowl; beat them up with a spoon, but not to froth; add, of the finest wheat flower, as much as is necessary to form a dough of the consistence of pie-crust; work it well with a rolling pin, and roll it out into very thin leaves. Lay ten or twelve of these leaves one upon the other, and, with a sharp knife, cut them into very fine threads; these threads, which, if the mass is of a proper consistency will not adhere together, are to be laid on a clean board, and dried in the air. This macaroni may be eaten in various ways, but the most common way is to eat it in milk, instead of bread, or in broth or soup. With proper care it will keep good for many months.

THE MUSEUM

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